

OUR DUMB Animals

DECEMBER

1957

**MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL!**

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY
to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

David W. Corson from A. Davaney, N.Y.





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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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Christmas 1957

WE wish we could look into the face of each one of those good friends of our two Societies and of our Hospitals, whose gifts and whose unfailing interest have made possible our work, and say, "A Happy Christmas." What a multitude we should reach in such a personal way!

It is only by this printed page, however, that we can send our wishes for a Christmas, rich with the Spirit for which this day of days stands. Much as Christmas has meant to humanity, it has meant no less to those lowlier creatures who share with man life's joys and sorrows.

The Spirit of Christmas is the eternal foe of cruelty. No man who yields to its sway can look with other than kindly eyes upon the least of those living things that have capacity for pain. Whatever the burden of suffering that rests upon the animal world today, it is less by many fold than it was before that night when a little Child was born in the Stable in Bethlehem.

E. H. H.



Merry Christmas for Puppies

By Tom Farley

TRADITION and sentiment decree that Christmas presents be given on the exact date, and the greater the surprise the better. But in the case of the Christmas puppy, it would be kinder to forget tradition and sentiment and bring him to his new home a few days early.

Even under the best of circumstances it's a disturbing experience for a pup to leave his mother, brothers and sisters for the first time. But add to the strangeness by introducing him into a festive holiday group, complete with excited children who want to fondle him none too gently, and his new life will get off to a bad start. Even if he has already been housebroken, chances are he will disgrace himself. It may well be that he will also get sick to his stomach. And he will probably cry all night.

According to a booklet on the Care and Training of Puppies, prepared as one of a

series of five by the Pard Dept. of Swift and Co., there are some suggestions on bringing home a new puppy that hold true at any time and should be needed even more firmly at Christmas time. "Try to keep the children away from him for 12 hours," says the booklet, "when much of the strangeness will have worn off. Don't pet him much until he comes to you. You can put water down for him after the first hour, but don't feed him for at least four hours."

If the puppy arrives with Santa, when the whole family is around the tree, it will be almost impossible to follow these rules, but if he is brought into the home a few days before Christmas and has a chance to get to know and trust the new surroundings and the new people, he, too, will be able to enjoy a Merry Christmas. More than that, he will have a happier, healthier start as a well-behaved companion throughout a long and friendly life.

Legend

By Mrs. M. Schuchard

WHEN the animals came to render their homage to the Christ Child lying in the manger, there came with them a little striped cat, who sat shyly in a dusty corner of the stable.

The Christ Child smiled on all the animals, but they interested Him so much that when His sweet Mother told Him He must sleep, He could not compose Himself. The Mother called on the kind, placid ox, the gentle donkey, and the faithful shepherd dog to help her put her Child to sleep, but He remained wakeful. Then, the little tiger cat, dirty and dusty, crept from her corner. First, she washed herself from the black tip of her tail to the pink top of her nose.

When she was clean she jumped lightly into the manger and, curling up beside the Babe, she purred softly the lullaby that every cat-mother purrs to lull her kittens to sleep.

Soon the Christ Child slept, and ever since all tiger cats have carried the grateful mark of the Madonna—an M in the middle of their foreheads.

The Friendly Beasts

*Jesus our brother, strong and good,
Was humbly born in a stable rude,
And the friendly beasts around Him stood.*

*"I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown,
"I carried His Mother up and down,
I carried her safely to Bethlehem Town."*

*"I," said the cow, all white and red,
"I gave Him my manger for His bed;
I gave Him my hay to pillow His head."*

*"I," said the sheep with the curly horn,
"I gave Him my wool for His blanket
warm;
He wore my coat on Christmas morn."*

*"I," said the camel, yellow and black,
"Over the desert upon my back,
I brought Him a gift in the Wise Man's
pack."*

*"I," said the dove, "from my rafter high,
Cooed Him to sleep that He should not cry,
We cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I."
And every beast by some good spell
In the stable dark was able to tell
Of the gift he gave to Immanuel.*

— Author unknown

Yuletide Animal Legends

by P. D. Keating

**He permitted
His only Son to be
born among
the lowly animals**



Because of their close association with the event surrounding the birth of Christ, the cows and sheep are given the best possible care during the Christmas period.

BECAUSE Christ was born in a manger in Bethlehem, surrounded by cattle, many legends have sprung up concerning the behaviour of animals during the Christmas season. The superstitious still believe that at Yuletide, the animals sensing the birthday of Christ, do pay their respects to Him who was born among them.

It is common belief in Ireland and England that when the cock crows in the stillness of the November and December nights, it is crowing to announce the approaching Christmas season. Legend has it that the cock acts in this manner to scare off the evil spirits who might dare be abroad during the Holy Season.

In the old world, the bees are said to sing, the cattle to kneel in honor of the manger and sheep to go in solemn procession in commemoration of the visit of the angels to the shepherds. Because of their close association with the events surrounding the birth of Christ, the cows and sheep are given the best possible care during the Christmas period.

There is an old Indian legend that still persists in the upper regions of Canada.

Handed down from father to son, the Red Men believe that on Christmas night, all the deer in the world kneel and look up to the Heavens. This is their way of showing their respect to the Great Spirit.

In the German Alps, it is commonly believed that the cattle have the gift of language on Christmas Eve. However, it is considered a great sin to play the part of the eavesdropper upon them. Legend has it that misfortune will fall upon the head of the one who dares to invade the sanctuary of the animals while they are talking among themselves.

There is an Alpine story in connection with the hard luck that does descend on a "peeping tom." It seems, as the story goes, that the hired man on one of the farms did not believe the legend of the talking animals. He looked with scorn upon such an idea and he boasted that he would find out for himself what an absolute lie the story was. The superstitious pleaded with him to desist from such a move as they predicted that no good would come of it all.

But the hired man was stubborn and when he stuck by his plans on Christmas

Eve, the good folks blessed themselves. The hired man hid in the stables so that he could be present during the night when the animals were supposed to talk.

Legend has it that the hired man found to his dismay that the cattle were all talking. And to his amazement, he seemed to be the topic of conversation among the horses. The supposedly dumb animals talked about his death and they discussed the weight of his body, especially when they would have to haul him up the long, steep hill that led to the church yard.

The story ends with the hired man, dashing from the haunted stables, shrieking wildly. The good folks who had warned him, found him, a raving maniac, and the tale closes on a sad note with the hired man's burial that same week.

All the superstitious believe that it is their duty to be nice to every dumb animal during the Christmas holidays. This period, they feel, is the animal's special season for rejoicing in the great Event. And they realize that the Creator has a special spot in His heart for the lowly animals, since He permitted His only Son to be born among them on that first Christmas.

"Well—Christmas morning! Wake up, ole thing, and see what we have under our Christmas tree. Bones, no less — and they even come in trees now."



A "Dog-Goned" Good Christmas!

Photos by Carleton Patriquin

RECORD-AMERICAN SUNDAY ADVERTISER

Staff Photographer

"Now let me see. We've managed to get them all down-to-earth again. I don't care for "T-ree" bones do you? Which one do you want? I'll take the one with the bow on it."

"Pretty exhausting work, eh what? But you look as fresh as . . . as . . . Oh! skip it. Guess I'll just munch on this greenery here. Any way . . .

MERRY CHRISTMAS!"



Christmas Joy

By Pearl A. Ottenheimer

CINDER, a graceful feline lady of 13, spent three glorious weeks of Christmas pleasure on top of the piano surrounded by an angelic group of ceramic choir boys. Although some of our friends wondered at our sanity in allowing her to "ruin" the Christmas scene, we felt it added to the peacefulness of the holiday portrait.

Besides, Cinder is something special in our home, for she was bought to destroy a childish fear. This fear of black cats was developed by our small son, Mike, because of a neighbors huge feline that sat statue-like in the window of their dismal, spooky house. There was only one solution as we could see it, let him have a black cat as a pet.

On our way down to purchase this pet Mike was rather skeptical of his love for anything so scary as a cat. However, we assured him if he showed his love for the kitten, she would love him, too. While standing at the cat cages and admiring one and all, a little black puff of fur came up to the gate and gave a "plaintiff mew." Surprisingly Mike didn't draw back, but looked up at us and said, "I don't think this little one will ever hurt me."

She was named Cinder, because of her color and because little sister Louise could say that name quite well. Cinder learned all kinds of tricks, but most of all she enjoyed retrieving a small



red ball which we threw to her. This game was usually played in the evening while I read the bedtime story. Cinder spent her time rushing after the ball, under the bed, over the bed and finally crashing into the story with much huff-and-puff.

When Cinder had her first litter of kittens, two white beauties, she was the most "talked about" mother in the block. To give her the rest, required of a nursing mother, we put her box into the doll carriage, so that it could be wheeled from the front to the back of our home depending in which part of the house the children were playing.

There have been such numerous memories, it is almost impossible to recollect everything. In all her 13-years of residence with us, she has given the whole family heaps of affection and years of pleasure. Surely if grandmothers can spend their quiet years in rocking chairs, our Cinder can have rest and comfort too, even if it is on top of the piano, surrounded by choir boys.

A Christmas Present for Toby

By Tom Farley

IT was a clear, cold midnight—typical winter night and yet there was a magical, mystic quality to the moonlight. For, it was Christmas Eve and if you listened closely, you could hear the proud, joyous swell of organ music and the distant peal of church bells.

A small boy—small enough so that he should have been asleep long ago—listened to these sounds. He sat upright in his bed and the pale yellow light from the window accentuated the blondness of his hair. Beside the boy, pressed close to him, sat a puppy. And you could tell from the cock of his ears and the short, nervous movements of his paws that he was listening, too.

"Toby," said the boy softly to the pup, "can you hear the sounds?" He pointed toward the window. "Maybe he's coming now!"

The dog glanced quickly at the boy, half-rose on his haunches as he looked at the window, and growled deep in his throat.

"Oh, no, Toby, you mustn't growl," the boy said, alarm in his voice. "There's nothing out there to hurt you. Gee, if it's Santa Claus and he heard you growl . . .", the boy stopped, awed by the enormity of what might happen. Catching the note of alarm and reprimand in his master's voice, the dog whimpered and licked the boy's face.

"Ah, that's all right," the boy said, hugging the dog. "I keep forgetting that this is your first Christmas. Well, Christmas is . . . Christmas is . . .", the words tumbled over each other as he tried to explain the wonder of the day. "Christmas is—like a million birthdays all rolled into one! Santa Claus comes in a sleigh with reindeer. And he brings you apples and oranges and nearly always some heavy underwear or a new coat. And you know what, Toby? He brings you toys, too. If you're a good boy and write him a letter, telling him all the things you want he brings you one of them. And sometimes two.

"But oh, Toby, Toby! You're going to be so surprised. 'Cause this year I didn't ask for a whole lot of things. Only one, Toby. So I know I'll get it. Mommy said she was sure I would. But I'm not going to tell you Toby. 'Cause it's a big surprise.

"So, help me watch, Toby. And we'll see Santa come with his big bag. And just as soon as we see him go away, we'll slip downstairs and I'll show you what he brought. So, help me watch, Toby."

But small boys and small dogs need sleep. And soon their eyes fell shut—the puppy to dream of a world inhabited solely by golden-haired little boys, and the boy to dream of the one wonderful present—the one item in the most important document of the year—his letter to Santa Claus.

A big stuffed cat—for Toby.



Santa Claus' Reindeer

By Florence Kaye

reindeer first came to live in the Alaskan tundra where they still make their summer home. They munch the heavily vegetated tundra and move to a woodland or mountainous area only as fall and winter come.

Although Santa's reindeer are forever young, science tells us that most of these animals seldom live more than ten to twelve years. Their natural enemies are the wolves and the wild caribou who often lure them away from the herd. Usually they follow their leader well as they move along in a herd, but even so some do stray away.

If you have ever stood on a mound or hill and watched a large herd move along in a body, swaying in rhythm, you are reminded of huge ocean waves. Their horns completely obscure their bodies giving the illusion of a massive sea. The outskirts of each herd always seem to be flanked by the very dark, the pure white and the piebald animals. They appear to realize they are different and so they stay at the edges.

Every herder learns to love his reindeer and finds the fall harvesting time most heartbreaking. Often he will weep when it is time to arrange the killing even though he knows the meat is needed to feed the northern Eskimos and Indians.

Today it is hard to imagine Christmas without Santa and his beloved reindeer moving through the sky as if by magic. It was Clement Moore who planted this picture into our minds with his famous poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas" written in 1822. Before that time reindeer were not necessarily associated with Christmas. Since then Santa has learned to depend upon his family of whimsical reindeer whose antics keep him amused all year. For each Christmas they put whimsy aside and turn in a top performance on their grand global tour.

CHRISTMAS wouldn't be the same without Santa's spirited reindeer. Children and adults alike love them but what's more important Santa loves them and couldn't get along without them.

The mere mention of reindeer conjures up a picture in every young mind of Dasher and Dancer, Prancer and Vixen, Comet and Cupid, Donder and Blitzen or perhaps simply of Rudolph. When Rudolph was added to Santa's family of eight, there were those who scoffed and said he wouldn't last. By now, however, they are convinced he is doing his job well and has become a trusted guide for Santa's team.

Several years ago Santa was saddened by a rumor which spread through Christmas crowds. Reindeer, according to the rumor, are vicious beasts. Don't let your children get anywhere near them. Santa came to the defense of his team immediately. He assured people that reindeer are not in the least vicious. They are

spirited and playful and sometimes their insatiable curiosity gets them into trouble leading people to think unkindly of them. However, they are basically shy and gentle animals.

Reindeer come in two models, the Scandinavian model and its larger American cousin, the caribou. Second cousins, aunts and uncles roam the earth from north to south.

Most reindeer are easy to tame. That, together with the sleigh-bell sound which their two splay toes make as they trot along a hard surface may account for their connection with Christmas. According to legend Saint Nicholas first rode on a white horse. We like to believe he switched to reindeer because he couldn't resist them. However, folk tales all represent St. Nick as coming from the north and perhaps that's why he was given the native reindeer as his beasts of burden.

Way back at the turn of the century

Wise Men's Camels

By Florence Nelson

**A valuable animal
but best remembered
as the bearer of the
Three Wise Men**

SINCE earliest Bible days and in the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans, mention has often been made of an animal which, though ungainly and awkward to the sight, has had but few equals in its great value and usefulness to man.

These creatures, "ships of the desert," as they have been termed, can cover a distance of from eight to ten miles an hour across the burning sands and continue a steady gait all day without needing to stop for food or drink, except perhaps a handful of dates and the leaves of some prickly shrub which they find along the way.

Camels are able to travel these vast distances without any real nourishment such as other animals would require because the fat of their hump serves as a reservoir of food for them, while the honey-comb cells in their three-cornered stomachs, which have one compartment always conveniently filled with water, provide them with all they need to drink whenever they are thirsty. Another oddity is their padded feet, with toes that spread out as they walk. This prevents them from sinking into the sand and enables the camel to tread lightly in places where even the swiftest horse would not dare to venture. But the animal's capacity to make a long journey depends on the hump being high and fat.



The Arab drivers must appraise this carefully before setting out; otherwise they would never arrive at their journey's end.

When a sand storm occurs—as they frequently do in desert lands—the camel feels no inconvenience from the millions of particles of flying sand, for its eyes are screened with heavy lashes and its nostrils are adapted for closing at such times. The drivers, on the contrary, do not fare so well, and must hastily dismount, throw themselves face downward on the ground and seek protection beside the kneeling animal.

Often along the way a baby camel is born. It is a soft, helpless little creature which its mother assists as best she can until it is strong enough to make its way alone. The Mohammedans are said to rear the finest camels in the world and are devoted to their herds. The baby animals sleep in the same tent with their owners and are made great pets. But they

may not be ridden until they are three years old. When they are five, they have become fully grown, and if well treated, will often live to be about twenty years of age.

In the heart of central Africa, there are camels that have never been tamed, and it is surmised that from this sunscorched wasteland where no creatures, except the camel, could survive the terrible sand storms, came the ancestors of those that made their way to Asia. Fossil remains which were excavated in the western parts of the United States show that such animals inhabited the land there millions of years ago.

The camel was introduced into Texas in 1856 as a mail carrier, but the experiment was a failure. However, let us never forget that but for this remarkable creature, which has had such a long career of usefulness, many territories in the Far East would have been closed to world markets.



And Mama in her kerchief, ...



'Twas the Night Before Christmas



Photo by Carley Montgomery

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ...



Photo

And giving a nod, up the
... But I heard him exclaim, ere
"Merry Christmas



ght
tmas . . .



Photo by Roger Schwantes

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.



Photo by Carley Montgomery

and, up the chimney he rose...
exclaim, ere he drove out of sight.

Christmas To All"

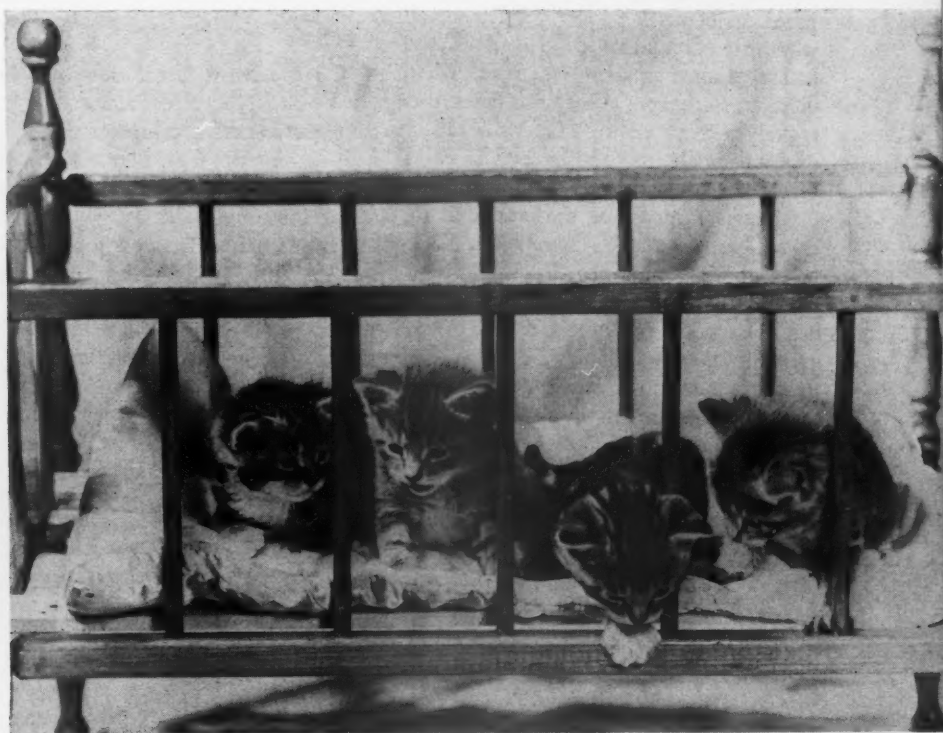


Photo by Charles L. Thompson

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads...

Once Upon a Time

IN a large garden, once upon a time, there lived three cats whose names were Negus, Mickie and Mouse.

They were called, rather profanely, Faith, Hope and Rascality. Negus was Hope because, like "Oliver Twist" he was always hoping for more. Mickie was Faith because he believed that there would always be another meal. Mouse was Rascality because of her lively disposition and her tendency to flirt at every opportunity.

Although Negus was severe to any grown cat that invaded his garden, his glossy black coat hid a very tender heart. At one time he rescued a lonely and hungry little kitten, and, like a real "Good Samaritan", brought her to his own quarters and shared with her his dinner of fresh meat. He was also a very patient fellow, who never grumbled when his dinner was late in coming.

Mickie was rather an egotist, but he was the aristocrat of the trio, superior in all his ways. He seldom condescended to associate with human beings, although he was always ready to eat the food they prepared. He was a perfect gentleman, always very polite to ladies. He and Mouse had occasional sparring matches, when vigorous slaps were exchanged, but it was entirely without malice. Mickie's beautiful coat was a pale gray and his eyes emerald green.

Mouse, or Mousy as she was lovingly called, was everyone's sweetheart. She loved to slap with her little paws and pretend to bite the fingers that caressed her. She would roll over and over in the most flirtatious way if any other cat was watching, and really seemed to smile at them. She was the darling of all.

Three cats of quite different dispositions; Negus admired and loved by all who knew him, Mickie admired but unapproachable, Mouse who was everyone's pet.

EDITORS NOTE: We thought our readers would like to know some of the background of the author. She is in her 89th year, is American by birth but has lived most of her life in Paris. Her love of these pets and her great desire to have someone appreciate them, spurred her to the effort to compose the story, even though her hands are badly crippled by arthritis.



Sitting majestically, Neil surveys his "kingdom."

The Master of the House

By Arline S. Bishop

WE have a small dog—old black Susy—but a year and a half ago my daughter started a campaign for a BIG dog; nothing but a St. Bernard would do! It took considerable concentrated effort on her part to convince us that we, too, wanted a St. Bernard. The next problem, after we reluctantly agreed to her pleas, was to locate such a dog in our section of Connecticut. All promising leads led to dead ends. We resigned ourselves to waiting—hoping that somehow, from somewhere, our St. Bernard would appear.

One Sunday last January, I answered a knock at the door and found a friend standing there, holding on a short rope a sad-faced, red-eyed, unkempt, year-old St. Bernard.

"This is Joe," our friend said. "His master is getting married and has to choose between a bride and a dog." In just the space of time it takes to write a check, we transferred ownership.

Joe adapted himself immediately to us and our home. I'm sure he sensed that he was wanted and loved. Even Susy accepted him (perhaps she was overawed by his size) and, though she was too old to

play actively with him, she led him to all her haunts and let him eat from her dish.

We soon learned that Joe considered himself a firmly entrenched member of the family. He wants to be with us constantly; wherever we are, whatever we are doing. He particularly loves riding in the car. The sound of car keys jingling is all the invitation he needs. Sitting majestically on three-quarters of the seat, he gazes with rapt interest at the passing world. He may be huge in size but he is a lap-dog at heart, liking nothing better than to hoist as much of himself as he can unto our laps. We keep handy in all rooms a supply of "drooling towels" to mop his wet jaws. This seems to puzzle him but he regally submits to such service.

At the shore last summer Joe quickly collected a number of devoted youngsters who came to see him every day. The children thought he was "Neil" of TV Topper fame and addressed him always as Neil and me as Mrs. Neilson because I "belonged to Neil."

As is so often the case, truth comes from the mouths of babes. Joe is *our* dog but we are the first to agree we belong to Joe.



"Mama's Boy"

By Vida C. Ungaro

IN Spring, "Albert's" young cat-fancy lightly turns to smelling hyacinths! 365 days a year, Albert's mother, "Flip", turns *all* of her attention on Albert. Albert hasn't been able to convince mama that he is a big boy now and can take care of himself. Because he is such a good natured fat, white cat, he doesn't use his weight advantage of 28 pounds to overpower mama, who only weighs 14 pounds! Of course, you can't really blame Flip for being so overly-protective, since Albert is her only offspring. She seems to recognize she has produced a rare phenomenon in "catdom" and isn't taking any chances on losing him. She just can't bear to have him out of her sight and nervously paces about from room to room, contented only, when she finds him at his favorite spot—by the French doors. This spot gives Albert a panoramic view of the great outdoors and keeps him within mama's eye range.

This possessive attitude is embarrassing to Albert, who is really not a "mama's boy" at heart. The tough looking orange tabby, who recently moved into the neighborhood, thinks there is nothing sissy about Albert. All the other cats were afraid of

the local "toughie" and it looked as if he would be the uncontested contender for the role of local bully, until he met his match in Albert.

Albert was wearing his black turtle-neck sweater and he looked very much like one of the bowery boys. It wasn't his fierce looking appearance and size that bothered the orange tabby so much. It was his nonchalant attitude! It was frustrating to have Albert turn a deaf ear, when he started raving about how tough he was and what he was going to do to Albert. What the tabby didn't know, was that Albert wasn't listening, because he is literally deaf. So—he mistook such actions for bravery.

Albert's husky looking appearance is deceiving. His mistress, Mrs. Elizabeth Rutter, says he has a vitamin deficiency. Keeping him on a diet creates another problem. As soon as he keeps his lean meat diet, he develops a skin condition. To counteract the skin condition, the doctor recommends a fat diet. But—when he stays on a fat diet, it doesn't help the overweight problem. When it comes to eating, poor Albert has more problem and troubles than Jack Spratt and his wife ever had!

The Dog Who Has Listened for Fifty Years

By Rebecca Phillips

ALMOST every person in the United States is familiar with the listening dog used by the Victor people as a trademark. Many people have a friendly feeling for him, as if he had been a family pet for a long time; this dog, molded in heavy cardboard or plaster or perhaps one of the new plastics. But who knows his name, or the story of his real life?

His name was Nipper and was the constant companion of an English artist. One day, more than fifty years ago, he walked into his studio and found Nipper, with one ear cocked, listening to a voice that came out of a gramophone. This Englishman was so amused at the pose that he decided to paint the dog. So, on that day, in a London studio, Nipper became not only a household pet, but a model.

Friends of the painter, Francis Barraud, came to admire and applaud. "Do you know why you found him so attentive to the sound of the gramophone?" one of them asked. "Why the man's voice on that Victor record sounds just like yours. Nipper thought you were talking to him." A general laugh followed this and Francis Barraud named his painting, "His Master's Voice."

In 1901, Eldridge Johnson started the Victor Talking Machine Company, and when Mr. Johnson saw the listening dog he told his fellow workers, "There is our trademark for the new company."

The picture became the property of Eldridge Johnson and was soon one of the world's most famous trademarks. Not only has Nipper appeared in oversize statuary in many store windows, but his picture has been the label for millions of records. "A billion and a quarter, to be exact," says the merchandise manager for RCA Victor records.

Now, like a black and white film of a favorite movie that is re-issued in technicolor, Nipper is beginning to be seen in a gay four-color suit, still listening dutifully, after fifty years.

Help Us Stop Needless Suffering

By John C. Macfarlane, Director of Livestock Conservation



They deserve the most rapid and painless death that man is capable of administering.

EMERSON once wrote, "The great and important work of this world is performed by individuals, and all the institutions and movements are but the lengthened shadow of some man or woman."

We like to believe that some of those "individuals" to whom Mr. Emerson referred were leaders in our own Society. The first of these shadow makers was, of course, our own George Thorndike Angell who believed, back in 1869, that livestock were being abused and mishandled all the way from farm to slaughterhouse.

After Mr. Angell, the attempt to humanize the country's meat-slaughtering plants was continued by Dr. Francis Rowley. Dr. Rowley went so far as to personally investigate many slaughter houses in Europe and America. He was as convinced as Mr. Angell had been—and as convinced as we are today—that the object brutalities of the killing floor *must be stopped!*

Dr. Rowley wrote these words in 1911: "The supreme goal we ought to set before ourselves as organizations acting to prevent cruelty is: *the requirement by law that every animal killed for food shall be first rendered unconscious by some method of stunning before the knife is thrust into its throat.*"

So far as livestock slaughtering is concerned, we are as far behind our European neighbors as barbarism is behind civilization.

Naturally we feel that voluntary compliance would be better than legal enforcement—but the fact remains that after 50 years *the method of the kill remains the same.*

Yes, there have been attempts made by a few individual packers to mitigate the objectionable feature of the "kill" — but only a few. As of today, less than 200 out of a possible 5,000 slaughterers have made changes for the better. To those packers who have seriously tried to remove the "horror" of the killing floor we have only high praise — accompanied by an afterthought that perhaps these changes or similar ones could have been made 40 years ago.

In 1956, 134 million head of livestock went to their deaths so that the appetites of our meat consumers might be satisfied. Perhaps it would mean more to us if we realize that every 60 seconds, day and night, week after week: 500 cattle, 24 calves, 30 sheep and 1500 hogs are bled to death, most of them the hard way.

The rough, inhumane, and very often

brutal treatment afforded livestock not only on the "killing floor" but in transportation and on farms and ranches will continue until man is forced by law to change his ways.

This Society will continue to lead the fight to eliminate objectionable brutalities from the killing floors of American meat slaughtering plants. We hope, now that Congress has reconvened, our able lawmakers will be forthright in their determination to enact into law the kind of humane treatment and consideration to which, with the exception of a small percentage, our country's millions of food animals have never been accustomed.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has given its support and its constructive criticisms to many of our country's Congressional leaders. It will continue to support and cooperate with those members of the Congress who believe as we do that all animals subject to the killer's knife deserve the most rapid and painless death that man is capable of administering.

We have spent many thousands of dollars in the past in our attempt to bring about some type of acceptable and workable humane slaughter legislation.

The fact that Congress failed to act on H.R. 8308 during the last session does not mean that the bill is doomed—it does mean that every clear thinking American must contact his Congressman *now* to enlist his support.

We urge that you contact as many of your friends as possible and enlist their support, too. The one real barometer of public opinion that carries any weight with our lawmakers is the volume of mail they receive whenever an important issue is before them. Senate and House attitudes toward any proposed bill are in direct relationship to the number of letters they receive from sympathetic people in the American homes.

We further urge that you join hands with us in this all-important endeavor by giving us your financial support. Every dollar counts. Please make your checks payable to the "Livestock Conservation Dept.", Mass. S.P.C.A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

The following recently appeared
in the *Winchester, Mass. Star*:

Wheels Go Faster Than Legs, Anyway!

From 180 Longwood

IT stuck out its paw as we passed its cage and, although the sound was "me-ow," the meaning was as plain as though the "hello" had been spoken in English.

Maybe cats don't move you, but who could resist the mute appeal in the eyes of a honey-colored cocker whose leg was confined in a cast, or the pathos of the Great Dane bleeding from an internal injury! Yes, we visited the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. (As, in fact, any interested person is welcome to do.)

If you love animals, it won't be exactly a pleasure trip, although it is satisfying to see the well-equipped laboratory and the modern operating room in use at the largest animal hospital in the world.

We noticed, too, the kind faces of the technicians and workers. Mr. J. Robert Smith, assistant to the president of the M.S.P.C.A., who very kindly showed us around, told us that all the workers at the hospital, even down to the personnel who clean the cages and sweep the floors, have a real feeling for animals or they wouldn't be working there at all; because all of these people could make more money somewhere else.

Being a charitable institution, Angell Memorial cannot afford to pay what private industry can. This may surprise you if your pet has undergone an operation there, and you paid what seemed top price, yet the fact is, this hospital for animals has the same problems as one where humans are treated. Due to the high cost of medicines, medical equipment and necessity for constant study and experimentation, the hospital loses money on every "patient," even those who pay, and there are many who don't.

The largest animal hospital must depend on the generosity of animal lovers to keep it going at all! We left a small donation in the "plate" and wished it could have been much, much more!



HERE is Jojo and Nurse Frances Roberts of Angell Memorial Hospital. Jojo is a lovely 2½ year old silver toy poodle with big bright eyes who became paraplegic after an automobile accident, and was brought to the hospital for treatment. Jojo remained for eight weeks. During this time, Nurse Roberts became so fond of little Jojo, and unhappy at his eager attempts to walk, that she made him a cart from pieces of a child's toy and leg splints which were fastened to his body so that he could easily propel himself with his front legs. Jojo loved his little cart so much that in the course of his eight week's stay, he wore out three of them!

Every day Nurse Roberts would always take time out from her busy schedule to

take Jojo for a walk in his little cart along the Boston Fenway, which is a lovely park with many trees and grass. He was always a brave, spunky little fellow, Nurse Roberts reports, and overjoyed by the fact that he could finally get around, and even *better*, it seemed than before, when he had four good legs! Nurse Roberts attention and fondness for little Jojo is typical of the personal treatment that every animal receives at the Angell Memorial Hospital, along with the best veterinary care.

Jojo did recuperate enough to go home, with the last cart Nurse Roberts made for him, which was bright red. Jojo liked it best of all. From then on, he must have enjoyed his new little wheels to the utmost.



YOUNG READER'S



Dear Santa

By Betty P. Raynor

*I've been as good as I can be;
I've tried to make my Pup be good.*

*But he's so little, don't you see,
He doesn't act the way he should!*

*Please bring him a Christmas present, do;
I think by then he will be better.
I guess he wants to tell you, too,
'Cause now he's pulling*

*at
my
letter!*

Where Animals Share Christmas

By Ida M. Pardue

PERHAPS you put your pet dog's name on your Christmas gift list—or buy "Kitten Little" a rubber mouse. But what about the horses and cows on Grandpa's farm? Or the birds? Do they get in on the Christmas fun too?

Helping the animals to share Christmas is a big part of the Yuletide in some lands.

Danish children look forward to fixing holiday snacks for the birds, as much as others look forward to hanging stockings. On the big night the youngsters climb to their housetops, or onto high fences, to spread a feast of oats, rye or other grain where the birds can reach it easily. The barnyard animals aren't forgotten, either. The cows and horses are well brushed, made comfortable, and then fed an extra meal — their own Christmas feast. The rule of double rations for farm animals prevails throughout most of Scandinavia, where the people believe that all living things should share in the celebration of Christ's birth.

In Sweden you can see pieces of suet tied to tree branches for birds. The Swiss and Montenegrins feed the birds too. Polish farm animals get a special meal on Christmas Eve. The Czechs and Ukrainians take what is left from their own Christmas dinner, and divide it among the stock animals—and even the bees!

"Merry Christmas to All"



PRESENTS, presents, who gets the presents? Each package on the tree is for an animal. Can you guess from the clues on the outside of each package, which animal gets which gift? The answers are below.

ANSWERS: 1. panther, 2. coyote, 3. tapir, 4. antelope.

Devoted Friends

By Emily Baneroff

*I have a dog whose name is Buff,
I have a cat whose name is Puff;
A dog and cat they are not merely,
Because they love each other dearly.
They are like sister and brother,
As their love for one another,
Is always there, is always true,
Is ever loyal and tender, too.*

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE: Across: 2. ow, 4. ah, 5. red, 7. ohm, 8. cane, 10. to, 11. ie, 12. holly, 14. nil. Down: 1. chimney, 3. wreath, 6. doe, 9. noon, 11. ill, 13. LI. ANIMALS IN ADVERTISING: 1. Swan Soap or Swansdown Cake Flour, 2. Bon Ami Cleaning Powders, 3. Brer Rabbit Molasses, 4. Greyhound Bus, 5. Mobiloil Gasoline, 6. Elsie-Bord-en's Milk, 7. Victor Records, 8. Camel Cigarettes, 9. Koal Cigarettes, 10. Blue or Red Goose Children's Shoes.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

PAGES



Santa's Coloring Picture



PICTURED above are happy and radiant children, their teachers, parents, and friends of the Forest Crest Farm School of Winchester, Massachusetts. It is the annual festival of Christmas amid outdoor tableaux and the singing of carols, and the children bringing gifts for their animal friends.

Animals in Advertising

Pictures of animals and birds are used many times in advertising. How many of the following birds and animals suggest certain products when you see them?

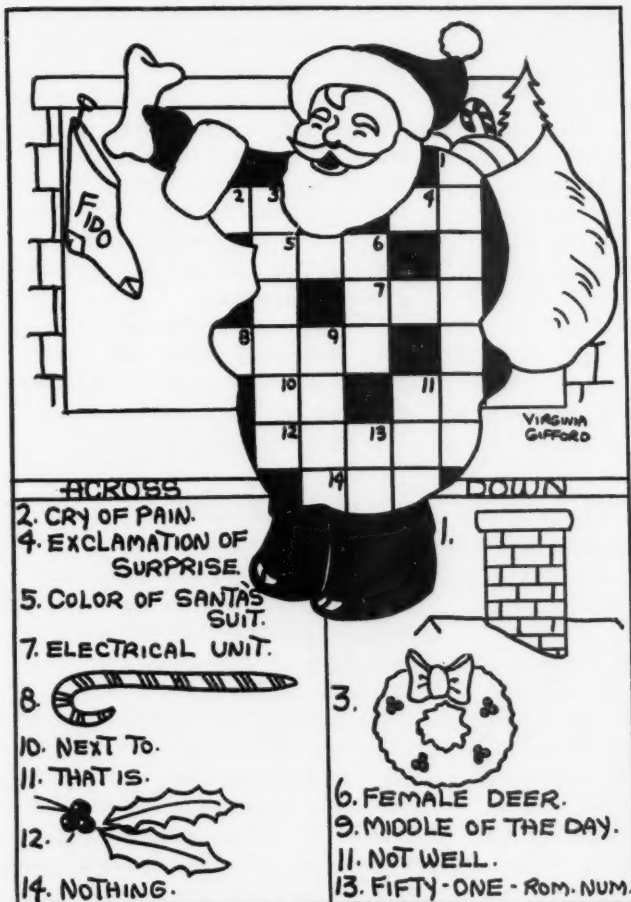
1. Swan, 2. Baby Chick, 3. Rabbit, 4. Greyhound Dog, 5. Flying Horse, 6. Cow, 7. Dog with Ear Cocked, 8. Camel, 9. Penguin, 10. Blue or Red Goose.

"Mr. Poo" Plays Santa

YES, indeed, "Mr. Poo" certainly does play at being Santa Claus, but mostly for himself. Mr. Poo is a French Poodle, as cute and intelligent as they come and he frequently goes shopping with his mistress to see what he can see and, of course, to get whatever he can cajole his mistress into buying for him.

He especially likes to visit the counter where dog food and toys are displayed and whatever strikes his fancy, he indicates with a great waving of his paws and vociferous barking until he gets the object he has set his heart on.

"Mr. Poo" sometimes goes shopping by himself to get what he needs, or at least, what he thinks he needs. Within reason, the shopkeeper supplies his wants and sends his mistress the bill.



A Story with a Moral

By Nancy E. Campbell

IMAGINE, if you can, a cat that never purrs, doesn't swing on the curtains or chase a marble across the room!

Such a kitten drank our cream and monopolized our only rocking chair for over a year, without showing any signs of changing her neurotic ways long enough to respond to a little human affection.

The animal's name is Princess and she was so-called because of her lady-like and regal manner which she still maintains. Although she has finally learned to purr, now responds to petting, and has discovered that playing with strings and chasing her tail can be fun, she will probably never be the "kitten-on-the-keys" type.

The early life of her "ladyship" might explain the reason for her aloofness and seemingly indifference toward us for so long a time, but unfortunately, it will always remain a mystery. She was given to my father-in-law, a vacuum cleaner salesman, by one of his customers, who explained—"The cat just appeared one day and we can't keep her."

A bit underfed, Princess was then a half-grown maltese kitten with thick gun-metal grey fur and round green eyes. She had a wide face with very furry jaws sticking out on each side and extremely small ears.

Knowing that we had recently had two cats that died, my father-in-law gave Princess to me for Christmas. My husband and small son and I, being very pleased to receive the gift, set about to make the cat feel secure and happy.

At first the frightened animal spent her

days hiding under beds and behind the oil heater. If she came out of hibernation at night we were not awake to know about it. Many saucers of milk and dozens of cans of the "proper food" later, Princess still remained on a rather unfriendly basis with all of us and disliked to be rubbed or petted or played with in any fashion.

Trying to break through the kitten's veneer of indifference, we bought her bells and balls and catnip mice to play with. We tempted her spirit of playfulness by tossing marbles, balls of yarn, and other rolling items in her path. She was fed her three "squares" with plenty of chicken and fish scraps and some raw meat. In general, we attempted to turn her life into that of an extremely secure house cat.

Finally, after a year had passed and Princess remained aloof and indifferent, we gave up any further friendly and masterly gestures. She continued to eat heartily and sleep in the rocking chair, but as far as I was concerned she was just another ornament to be moved when I dusted.

And then my husband and six-year-old brought home another cat—a tiny soft ball of grey and white fur. A lovable, purring little kitten, who resembled a powder puff. Because of her four little white paws, we called her "Mittens."

The atmosphere of the house suddenly underwent a change, while Princess huddled in her corner, apparently observing nothing. Sharp claws ripped the bottom ruffle on the bedroom curtains. Two little white paws were forever digging in the

dirt of my desk dish-garden. Stray toys sailed across the floor with four white feet skidding after them. Mittens was everywhere at once—first after a marble; then after the tail of Princess herself.

Mealtime could have been turned into a brawl if the older cat had asserted herself and claimed her share of the food put down for the two females. Instead, she sat primly back, apparently indifferent to the fact that a smaller and younger animal had invaded our home, as well as her own privacy.

But Princess's indifference was not to endure forever. One day, we discovered the older cat holding Mittens down, mother-cat fashion, washing the kitten's ears and face. Thereafter, she bathed Mittens everyday as faithfully as any mother ever cared for her offspring.

The two cats were soon chasing each other, wrestling like two bear cubs, and sharing the same bowl of milk without a squabble.

The world had changed complexions for Princess. Her tail had lost its droop and she waved it high in the air like a flag. Not only was she responding to Mittens, she was learning to sleep in my lap, rub her head against my hand, and purr like a kitten.

At this point our story should come to a very happy ending except for the fact that Mittens met with accidental death before she reached maturity. The night she was run-over by an automobile was a very sad one. But there was one consolation—she had not lived her life in vain. Princess is the proof.

The death of Mittens seemed to give birth to a new Princess, who crept into our laps and into our hearts. There was a new bond between the cat and our family.

Bethlehem Sheep

By Norman C. Schillehter

*The little sheep of Bethlehem
Were not afraid that night
When suddenly the angels sang
And all the skies were bright.
And when the shepherds went away
The Holy Child to see
I think the sheep knew well He would
Their Heavenly Shepherd be.
The peace that fell on earth that night
It fell on them, I know
And ever since He's shepherded
Dumb creatures here below.*

A Dog's Day

By Don Marshall

*Dear Santa, I have heard folks say
That every dog should have its day,
And so I dip my paw in ink
To say the ideal gift, I think
Would be a master who can run
From dawn until the setting sun.
Some one who's good at signal talk,
Who knows the woodlands like a hawk.
Some one who likes to feel a nose
Just slightly moist against his toes.
So Santa—don't bring me a toy
But just give me an average boy!*

Christmas Tree for Birds

By Louise Darey

*I made a Christmas tree for birds.
They could not thank me, not with words,
But, oh, there was such twittering,
Such flutters of a grateful wing
As chickadees flew down to share
Their Christmas feast with sparrows there.
Upon a frosty, winter day
My Christmas tree, inside, was gay,
And theirs, outside, was cheerful, too,
Beneath a sky of deepest blue.
With chirps and cheeps instead of words
I had a 'thank you' from the birds.*

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST follows:**

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.



S. P. C. A.

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6. *Relax in a comfortable easy chair and have a very, very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!*

